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Scene: Parlor car of the 4.45.

(Mr. A. in his pinchback Palm Beach suff.
its exect, constant of its wrinking proclivities.

Ir. B. frankly too well fed for pinchback efout, but a symphony in battleship gray msar, breezes in and slumps into the next chair.) R. A. looking up)-Bill Brown! The very chap I wanted to see. How did you get away for the

4.45 to-day? . Mr. B. (mopping his brow under his leghorn fedora)-Oh, my stenographer had to match some embroidery rine for her aunt, so I quit dictation. What's the rush?

Mr. A. (leaning forward confiden-tially)—Well, look here, Bill. You know to-morrow night's election of officers for the country club. You and I being charter members have some weight around there. So I thought if we could get together and go over this list of possible candidates for President we might work together

Mr. B. (reaching into his mobair pocket)-Oh, have you got a list too? I made out mine last night. Here it is. Now I thought that Andy Morton might-

Mr. A. (hurriedly)-Andy Morton! Why, Bill, the man's a nervous wreck -fit for a rest retreat-after that terrible slump in R. S. & P. We want live blood for President. I thought that Joe Turner-

Mr. B. (in horror)-Old Joe Turner? Why, say, don't you know the poor old chap is going to assign in a couple of weeks? And you know we don't want the club mentioned in the newspaper notices. If he was President they'd- No. He won't do. The next on my list is Jack Hart. He's full of pep and-

Mr. A. (significantly)-Full of pep -you bet he is. Too blamed full. Full of other things, too. Harry told me on the q. t. that he's making a new kind of mint julep these days with vitriol-or something that has the same effect-in it, and the other day he slapped a traffic cop in the face when he held up his car and got pulled in. It wouldn't look well in print, you know, "President of Blore Country Club Up for Assault a -d Battery. Given Thirty Days." You know you have to consider all these contingencies. Now with Will Green, who's next on my list, we wouldn't have to worry about-

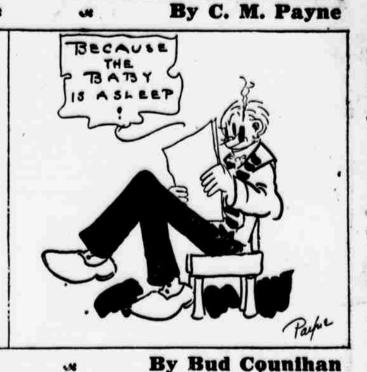
Mr. B. (in keen disapproval)-Will Green would never do, Samnd you know it. The man's too susceptible. Why, you could never depend upon him to uphold the dignity of the club, or even make a noise like a President, on Saturday nights when the ladies are all in war paint for the dances Nice chap. Will, but too darned mushy. But 'ere's one who'll give tone to the organization-John Gray. A gentleman always. A man of ability and-

Mr. A. (throwing up his hands)-For the love of Mike, Bill, where's your sense of humor? John Gray is all you say he is, but do you want slight strain that exists between Ed- I could fill the chair to the satisfaca man for President of a country wards and myself. I—club who wears a skull cap on the Mr. A. (drawing a sigh of relief)—









HENRY HASENPFEFFER - When Riches Take Wings Cupid Flies After Them!

DAWGONIT Y'LOOK LIKE TH' BUSTIN' UP OF A S HARD WINTER - WOT S OH! S'ALL OFF Y'FEELIN' SO BLUE BETWEEN ME AN' ELLA" NOW! SHE'S PASSED ME UP LIKE AN'

WOT! GLIPPED YOU TH' OLE ROWDY-DOW" AFTER
TH' WAY YOU'VE BEEN
TAKIN' HER AROUND
TO OPERAS - CABARETS
AN' EVERYTHIN' FUR
TH' PAST YEAR? YEP! ATT WOT SHE'S GONE AN' DONE BROTHER HEN

* WHY DAWGONIT "ALECK" WUZ SOMETHIN' ABOUT BUT I'VE SPENT IT ALL NOW

FLOOEY AND AXEL-Tents Certainly Do Look Alike, Especially at Night!

GEE, AY OVERSTAYED MY LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM CAMP! AY HOPE AY GET IN DAS TENT BEFORE DAS SENTRY BANE SEE ME!

OH FINE! HO WH VILL KHOW AY BANE OUT LATE! *

THOSE GIRLS!

GOSSIP

YES MAM

THREE AISLES

OVER!!

GET OUTA MY TENT!

I ALWAYS

KNEW IT

COME OUT

WOULD

*

By Vic

By Jack Callahan

YOU.DON"

MEAN: T'

TELL

WHAT DOES

POOR FISH?

IN THAT

SOME HEN PARTY!

4.45? Why, they'd guy the life out Well, now that we've gone through that-remember that I was a mem-

of you if you ever put him up. The our lists and found none satisfactory, ber first and proposed you at the last on my list is Bert Edwards suppose we do a little press agent Mr. B. (with dignity)-I had sup- work of our own. Although I Presidentposed that you remembered the haven't wanted to urge it, I think

ADDED LETTER PUZZLES.

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WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

(Voice as Mr. A. and Mr. B. exit) "Twas ever thus-and ever

Mr. B. (stiffly)-If it comes to

Follow Instructions.

CHICAGO woman was giving instructions to her new butler. who seemed to have but a faint conception of the duties of a position for which he demanded high wages. "Remember," said the woman, "that in announcing meals you are to say

No. 1.

The eleven letters in the squares above have been arranged to contain a word of ten letters. An extra latter which is not in the original letter which is not in the original letter which is not in the original letter will be a square of the letters and the original letter which is not in the original letter.

The word in last Saturday's Scramble dealers when on a dinner to a few intained friends. Her dismays can be imagined when, on appearing at the drawing room door to announce dintained friends. Her dismays can be imagined when, on appearing at the drawing room door to announce dintained when, on appearing at the top room, s

By Ferd G. Long

YOU! By Arthur Baer 3



GOOD STORIES OF THE DAY

The Road to Success.

"but I knew success would come, and before the winter was out I was makg \$5,000 a year. "In everything—in war, in muni-tion making, in blowing up powder A State a few years ago a guard

factories-there's one road which leads straight to success. "If, for example, you're a play-wright, the road to success is the happy ending. Every successful play-wright bears in mind the dialogue of the young couple at the end of 'Hamlet.' "How silly of that Shakespeare."

"How silly of that Shakespeare,' said the girl, 'to drown Ophelia and murder Hamlet. Why, they ought to have married!"
"I ain't no high brow critic,' the young man agreed, 'but that's how I'd 'a' fixed it." - Washington Star.

Canny Scot.

7HEN electric tramcars first started in his native town a canny Scot got on one, intending to make the full journey.

beginning of the journey and saved HARLES M. SCHWAB was talking in his native Loretto about success.

"I married on \$6 a week," he said, but I knew success would come and both thruppence, but, as it is, I canna lose mair than as penny."—
London Tit-Hits.

He Had the Countersign.

inspector, while going his rounds, approached a German sentry. who simply looked at him and marched on, relates the Boston Tran-

"Well," queried the inspector, intending to remind the man of his duty. "Vell, vell! Vot is it?"

"Don't you want the countersign?"
"No, dot's all righdt. Der feller in der guard's tent gif it to me. I got

Thirst for Knowledge. M ISS BASSETT was talking to the class in history in her most

impressive manner. "Now, children," she said, looking costing. 3 pence, but only took a over her pupils, "I want you to unpenny ticket and renewed it twice at derstand that the time to ask questhe end of each stage. On the last tions in my class is whenever anystage the conductor remonstrated thing is said which you wish ex-with him, saying he ought to have plained. Do not wait until the time taken out a I penny ticket at the sounds for recitation and then tell me

His Tribute.

HERE was an old farmer who was widely known as the crossest, closest and most generally

and his friends went ahead with plans for his funeral.

Now, it is customary, in the case of rural funerals, for those who attend, as they stand by the coffin, to murmur some culogy of the dead. A number of farmers came in and said things which didn't square at all with the old man's life.

Finally an aged man, who had can be substituted when an impertinent, imperative misculine voice broke up the conversation meeting.

"Are you there?" the voice yelled. Who is that speaking?"

"What line do you think you're on?" demanded one of the girls, indignant and sampled.

"Really," came the weary reply, "I

you 'did not hear' or 'did not understand when I talked to you."

The children replied, "Yes'm," in chorus.

"Very well," said teacher, "we will begin to-day with James L, who came after Elizabeth."

A scholar raised his hand.

"Well," queried Miss Bassett, graciously, "what is it?"

"Wal," he said earnestly, "nobody kin deny that he was a great hand for closin' his stable teor o' nights."

Magazine.

Known the deceased all his life, hobbled in and stood by the coffin. The aged man was known as the most truthful man in the county. Hence the other people present waited with interest to hear what he would say.

The clidren replied, "Yes'm," in chorus.

The children replied, "Yes'm," in that's going on I think I'm on the discussion that's going on I think I'm on the discussion that's going on I think I'm on the discussion that's going on I think I'm on the discussion that's going on I think I'm on the county. Hence the other people present waited with interest to hear what he would say.

The column raised his hand.

"Well," queried Miss Bassett, graciously, "what is it?"

"Wal," he said earnestly, "nobody kin deny that he was a great hand for closin' his stable teor o' nights."

Washington Stan.

Why rub your clothes

GET MARRIED.

THOUGHT IT?

WHO'D A

MARRIAGE

LICENSE IN

THE PAPER

THIS MORNIN'

A Line of Talk.

TWO telephone girls in different country exchanges were having a chat over the wires on the nonlikable citizen in the whole State. subject of dress. For four minutes, Like other mean men he lived to a five minutes, ten minutes the topic ripe old age, but eventually he died held their attention, and was still unand his friends went ahead with exhausted when an impertinent, im-

Why rub your clothes when VAN'S NORUB gives finest results with NO RUBBING? A little loes a big wash. Just ou try it.

5c & 10c 10 AT ALL

With a pencil line connest the dots in numerical order. Thursday's picture was a DUCK,